



The Church of God **Evangel**

PICTURE NO. 1

Cattle treading the thrashing floor of rice gathered from the fields of India. Little do the natives realize that the missionary is treading their land of darkness, thrashing golden grain in preparation for the ingathering harvest when their work shall be rewarded in gathering the wheat into the garner.



PICTURE NO. 2

The Village Barber. As is customary in India, you will find the village barber ever on hand in the streets of the villages to accommodate the patrons who perchance feel the necessity of a haircut. I pity the poor fellow getting the shave as shown in the picture—a dry shave, I presume, whose sound would be akin to the braying of a mule!



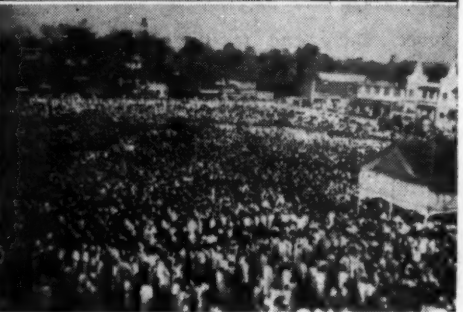
PICTURE NO. 3

A Hindu temple at Tenkasi, Tamil Field. This temple has carved on its stone exterior the hideous effigies of the heathen gods of India. Little attention did the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob pay to these stone gods when this center of idolatry was partially destroyed by lightning. The duty of the missionary who carries the burden for the lost is to turn those steeped in heathen darkness from their gods of idolatry to the God of ETERNAL LIGHT.



PICTURE NO. 4

This picture of our Mulakuzha, India, Sunday School, with the boys' dormitory in the background, dimly shows our missionary, Sister Dora P. Myers, and our Brother T. M. Varughese. This is only a small portion of the crowning efforts of the faithful workers of the Church of God in this land.



PICTURE NO. 5

Celebrating 1,900 years since St. Thomas came to India, at Kottayam, India. It is the consensus of opinion of the people of Travancore, where this picture was taken, that one of the twelve apostles, St. Thomas, brought the Gospel to this land, and as the result of his efforts still stand a number of church buildings. It is remarkable that the message of that early day has apostatized into the darkness of heathen worship, but it is our task to see that this seed of truth shall not forever be obliterated.

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DECLARATION OF FAITH

WE BELIEVE

1. In the verbal inspiration of the Bible.
2. In one God eternally existing in three persons; namely, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
3. That Jesus Christ is the only begotten Son of the Father, conceived of the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary. That Jesus was crucified, buried, and raised from the dead; that He ascended to heaven and is today at the right hand of the Father as the Intercessor.
4. That all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, and that repentance is commanded of God for all and necessary for forgiveness of sins.
5. That justification, regeneration, and the new birth are wrought by faith in the blood of Jesus Christ.
6. In sanctification subsequent to the new birth, through faith in the blood of Christ; through the Word, and by the Holy Ghost.
7. Holiness to be God's standard of living for His people.
8. In the baptism of the Holy Ghost subsequent to a clean heart.
9. In speaking with other tongues as the Spirit gives utterance, and that it is the initial evidence of the baptism of the Holy Ghost.
10. In water baptism by immersion, and all who repent should be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.
11. Divine healing is provided for all in the atonement.
12. In the Lord's Supper; and washing of the saints' feet.
13. In the premillennial second coming of Jesus. First, to resurrect the righteous dead and to catch away the living saints to Him in the air. Second, to reign on the earth a thousand years.
14. In the bodily resurrection; eternal life for the righteous and eternal punishment for the wicked.

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EAST CHATTANOOGA PUTS ROOFS ON GUATEMALA CHURCHES

Reverend T. R. Morse, pastor of the East Chattanooga, Tennessee, Church of God, came into the office and advised that \$300 was in the mail, and this amount was contributed by the Young Men's Class, Lewis Cross, teacher.

The two churches in Guatemala City have been in need of having their new buildings roofed for a long time, and I know they will greatly rejoice because their call for this need has been answered by the good people of East Chattanooga.

EAST CHATTANOOGA ALSO VISITS THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

The Young Ladies' Class of East Chattanooga Church of God, Mrs. T. F. Blackwell, teacher, has sent \$525 to purchase and repair a church in Rio Haina, Dominican Republic. This is very commendable work.

NEW MISSION BOOKS

1. **GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW.** A new book just off the press, priced at only 50 cents. This is the life story of Johnnie M. Owens, written by Evangelist Nellie Myers. This book is filled with the experiences of the orphan boy who met God. Every church should have a copy in its library, especially for the young people.

2. **SOUTH OF THE RIO BRAVO**—Revised Edition. 50 cents per copy. This book on foreign missions brings to you an up-to-date picture of the work of the Church of God in the Latin American countries.

3. **IN THE MORNING, SOW.** 50 cents a copy. Another new book which is most intriguing. Written by Alice Pullin, this book shows the working of God's Spirit among the natives of Guatemala, from the days of Truman Furman to the present.

4. **THE HAND OF GOD AND THE GESTAPO.** 25 cents a copy. The story of Herman Lauster's imprisonment in Germany.

5. **MISSIONARY POLICY of the Church of God.** 50 cents a copy. A worthwhile book dealing with the relationship of the foreign missionary and the Foreign Missions Board.

6. **BROCHURES** on Church of God Missions in the Bahamas, Guatemala, Haiti, India, Puerto Rico, and Tunisia. These brochures are sent free for the asking.

ORDER THE ABOVE BOOKS FROM
CHURCH OF GOD FOREIGN MISSIONS
1080 MONTGOMERY AVENUE,
CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

Missionaries...

Sail Away

Reverend C. E. French and family sailed for Peru aboard the "GULF BANKER" ocean liner from New Orleans, Louisiana, on April 1, and they are now located in their new field of labor on the mission field. We know your prayers are with them, remembering them often, as well as supporting them with your temporal means in this effort, which is a part of one great whole, embodying the whole gospel for the whole world.

Sister Pearl Stark left from New York on April 13, aboard the ocean liner "MARCHOVELETTE" for Angola, Africa. It was a rather sad parting for both Brother French and Sister Stark, because their mothers had been at death's door for some time; yet in spite of the fact that death may call them, God's work must go forward. To make it sadder, in the event their mothers pass away, these missionaries will not be able to return to pay their last respects. Truly heaven's reward will be theirs for such willing sacrifice.

Brother J. Robert Doby and family left New York March 19, on the MV SATURNIA, for their new field in the Middle East, which represents Cyprus, Transjordan, Israel, and Egypt. May God bless their efforts in these countries which need the gospel.

The Davis and the O'Mary families recently left for Alaska by car. Brother Davis is returning after a short furlough, which was very much deserved. After having been burdened for a long time for this field, this is Brother and Sister O'Mary's first venture, the door being finally opened for them.

The Message of . . .

Missions Unparalleled

By PAUL H. WALKER, Executive Missions Secretary

Surely the last and closing days of the Gentile dispensation are fast coming to a close, and the most inspirational and invigorating hope of the saints in all the ages is soon to be terminated in the glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

As evidence of the fact that the end is near, the recent upsurge of gospel propagation throughout the world, of the MESSAGE OF MISSIONS, is unparalleled. Never in the history of the Church of God has there been a greater burden, a greater zeal, a greater hope of carrying a load, of being ablaze with spiritual fire, of a greater anxiety for the coming of Jesus, than today. This is the answer to the scripture, "The gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come."

To fulfil the foregoing scripture, and for the purpose of ushering in the blessed appearing of our Saviour, *we must girdle the globe with the gospel in one decade.* God has provided, through the ingenuity of man, the instruments by which this message must be channeled. It is by way of the press, radio, television, and the preached Word, to say nothing of the witness given by the hundreds of thousands of saints who contact the unsaved each day. Lives that are lived by the consecrated bespeak the fact that their hope is in the coming of Jesus. These days have made the message of His coming a message of missionary interest unparalleled in the history of the Church.

Several state overseers have recently visited the Missions Office with their faces actually radiant with the enthusiasm they have found in their respective states relative to the mission cause. This burden is pressing their hearts from the North to the South, from the East to the West, and surely the Lord is "doing a quick work."

Pastors are feeling the urge to promote missions. Evangelists have written the office, asking, "What can we do for missions?" Surely this is a sign of the coming of the Lord and that Jesus is preparing to catch away His people to meet Him. We must carry the gospel. The devil will hinder if he can, but the Lord can not come until the message has been carried to those who have never heard it. Let us preach the gospel of the kingdom by giving of our time, our talents, and our temporal means, until He says it is enough.

"Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

The Christ of the Painful Road

By J. F. ROWLANDS, Pastor,
Bethesda Temple, Durban, South Africa

There are many Christians today who are feeling the

painfulness of cross-bearing. They are saying with David, "It is too painful for me." All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall tread the Painful Road! "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you . . . But rejoice . . . if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on his behalf." (1 Peter 4:12-16.) *The only solution to the painfulness of life is found within the sanctuary of God!* The Psalmist makes it plain in Psalm 73:16, 17, "It was too painful for me; until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I." The balm of Gilead for the painfulness of life is the revelation of the sanctuary! Simple faith leaves

THE OTHER HALF OF THE RAINBOW

in the hands of a loving God! A peaceful calm flows over the troubled soul that comes to the sanctuary to worship God in spirit and in truth. *The tangled skeins of life begin to unravel before the understanding of His Word.* It is not the "bricks and mortar" of the building which makes the sanctuary, but the hallowed presence of the Divine One, who said: "I will be to them as a little sanctuary." (Ezekiel 11:16.) In coming to God through Jesus Christ, we get an understanding of the painfulness of the way and courage to bear the pain without murmuring. *Apart from the sanctuary of God there is no understanding of the painful road.*

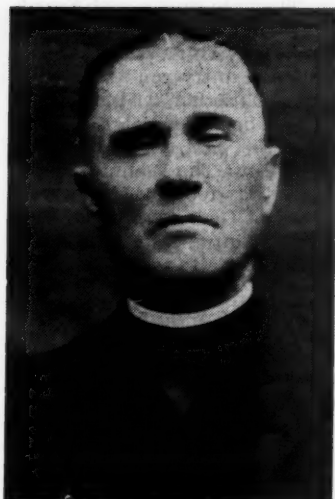
Two disciples were on their way to Emmaus on that first resurrection day. They were saddened beyond measure by the crucifixion of Jesus. The tragedy was altogether too painful for them, until . . . they went into the "sanctuary of God" at Emmaus; *then they understood* and were so glad that their joy knew no bounds. A little talk with Jesus had made things right. The disciples at Galilee were discouraged to the point of despair; they had gone back to their fishing, and had toiled all night in vain. Life was too painful for them, their fondest hopes had seemingly crashed to the ground. They were desperate. "Weeping may endure for a night, but

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

(Psalm 30:5.) How true! With the morning came Jesus, and *then they understood!* (John 21:1-14.)

The coming of Jesus always brings an understanding. He is the loving Companion of all who tread the Way of Sorrows. *He is the Christ of the Painful Road!* Oh, how well He knows that road! Each cobbled stone of the Via Dolorosa became a part of His sufferings. Gethsemane, Gabbatha, and Golgotha would have been too painful for Him had He not been dwelling in the secret place of the Most High. He understood the Painful Road to the cross, hence His calm serenity and unruffled dignity. He endured the cross for the joy that was set before Him (Hebrews 12:2). *The understanding of the Painful Road brought joy to the heart of the Crucified One!* All those who commit themselves and their painful circumstances to Him that judgeth righteously are the possessors of a joy and peace which passeth all understanding (1 Peter 22:3 and Philipians 4:7).

The Painful Road is not a long one, and there is every indication around us today to make us believe we shall not be on the road much longer. *The dawn is breaking!* A glorious new day is coming, in which God will wipe away all tears from our eyes. There will be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying when the cloudless morning breaks; *neither will there be any more pain.* (Revelation 21:4).—From Moving Waters.



An Old Soldier Retires

Rev. J. B. Winter

OUR BELOVED Brother J. B. Winter was born in the County of Victoria, in the Province of New Brunswick, Canada, on March 25, 1880. He was brought up in the Scottish Presbyterian Church. At the age of 18 he came to the United States.

He was converted in an old-fashioned holiness meeting at Aroostock County, Maine, in 1899, under the ministry of Rev. A. A. Whitiker. Despite the fact that he was working with an atheist who never went to church in his life, Brother Winter found the Lord. He felt as though he had a million sins, but they were all forgiven and washed away in the blood of the Lamb. That night he went home very happy, and the following Sunday, April 2, there was an opportunity given for him to be baptized in water. Snow was on the ground and ice on the water, and he was the first to step in and follow the Lord in baptism. As the fine congregation on the shore sang the beautiful hymn "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms," Brother Winter went into a watery grave as an open declaration to the world of his faith in Jesus Christ in his heart and life.

In the fall of 1899, he went to Bible School to train as a worker for the Lord. Then in four years he spent one term in the Salvation Army Training College in New York City. Following this, he went to the Island of Jamaica as a missionary, leaving New York on March 11 and arriving in Kingston, March 18, 1905. While in Jamaica, he led many to the Lord.

Brother Winter labored for some time in Jamaica, and in the year 1907 he and his wife started their missionary work in the Island of Barbados. From there they went to the Island of Grenada and later back to British Guiana. After two years in British Guiana, they went back to Barbados. From Barbados they went to Antigua, and after three years of happy service there, they were sent to the Isthmus of Panama. They labored in Panama nearly seven years and saw hundreds of souls brought to Jesus. Then they returned again to the Caribbean Islands. God richly blessed their ministry wherever they went for Him.

Early in 1937, when our Brother J. H. Ingram made his visit, Brother Winter saw the blessing that the great

Missionaries Return on Furlough for the General Assembly

At the General Assembly this fall the people in the United States will be pleased to meet the missionaries returning for well-deserved furloughs. After having served faithfully for years in foreign lands, I am sure we shall be more than happy to extend to them a hand of cordial welcome and make their stay with us as pleasant as possible.

Those to return are:

Rev. Herman and Lydia Lauster, from Germany, and their son Paul, who plans to attend Lee College. In Paul's words to me when I visited Germany: "Und ven I finish Lee College, I vill come back to Germany und preach the gospel all over this country." You may be assured that this boy is full of zeal.

Rev. and Mrs. M. V. Patterson, from Nassau, Bahamas.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Willard Brummett and family, from Bermuda.

Rev. and Mrs. Sixto Molina, from Cuba, and perhaps others.

Church of God would be to him, and he united with it. For the past 17 years it has been his privilege to work for God as a minister and missionary in our great Church.

Under his ministry, the Church of God has been well established in the various islands from Barbados northward to Puerto Rico. He has worked in St. Lucia, St. Kitts, St. Martins, and other islands, where his influence has been greatly felt.

Brother Winter has had many converts; he has licensed many ministers, and has gone ahead with an extensive building program, faithfully promoting every phase of Church of God work since he has been employed by the Missions Department.

Under his ministry, the Church of God on seven islands near Barbados has acquired over \$100,000 worth of property. To this we respond with a hearty "Praise the Lord!"

Brother Winter stated, "I am expressing my heartfelt convictions, now that I am nearing my seventy-fourth birthday, that I feel it is for the best interest of our Church and my own health to retire as island overseer, with its ever-growing burdens and responsibilities, and let a younger man take over." Brother Winter states further, "I am not retiring, however, from the ministry of the Church which I love dearly, and its good people. I still want to preach the gospel of the Lord Jesus until He comes or calls. The one who takes over these duties that I now lay down shall have my continued prayers and help, all that I can give him and the good Missions Board officials of our great Church."

I know that the people of the United States who have known Brother Winter express hearts filled with gratitude for the full life he has rendered to the Lord, the Church, and the salvation of the lost. We bid him Godspeed in his retirement, trusting that he will have good health and be able to be of valuable service to the Church for a long time to come, and that his last years will be his best years.

THE GOSPEL IN HAWAII MOVES EVER FORWARD

By DALRAITH N. WALKER

IN THE YEAR 1814, a young, sturdily built Hawaiian, named Hobookiah, left the little-known Islands of Hawaii. He sailed as a crew member in a sailing ship which eventually took him to Boston, via the Horn. Under the guidance and care of young Christian friends, Hobookiah was led to Christ. He learned to speak English and became a qualified student in many subjects. With the passing years, his spiritual experience deepened until he became a tower of strength wherever he went. His passion for the souls of his fellow countrymen was felt by the churches of America. Hobookiah told of the utter darkness that possessed the lives of Hawaiians who had not yet heard of Christ. In the prime of young manhood, this burning and shining light was snuffed out in death. But the mark was made; the vision imparted. The result: a large party of missionaries sailed from Boston and came to Hawaii!

This first pioneer mission was crowned with outstanding success. The results are now recorded in missionary history. The first church was built at Kona on the "Big Island." It is still in constant use after 130 years. I have seen it and would say it was built to seat 2,000 people. On one occasion 1,500 people were baptized in the ocean at Hilo. The gospel had come to Hawaii, and in power. But, alas, the churches of that mighty move of the Spirit, established throughout the Islands, are today just spiritual skeletons.

Before the times of Hobookiah, the animistic worshipping Hawaiians had their gods and charms a plenty. Their religion is called Kahuna. Their priests had power to invoke demon powers upon the lives and activities of the people. They would put curses upon those who broke the strict Tabu laws. Even to-day many of the older Hawaiians practice the Kahuna worship.

Since the days of Hobookiah, and with the development of the sugar industry into the plantation system, more workers were needed. That brought the Chinese to Hawaii in 1852, with their coolie hats, palaka clothing, and Chinese religion. The Japanese were the next group to arrive. They brought their Oriental culture and Buddhist temples. The Japanese are now the largest population group in Hawaii. From faraway Portugal and its islands of Madeira and Azores came the Portuguese. They brought the ukulele. The last of the racial groups to be imported was the Filipino. These two last groups were predominately Catholic.

Coming down to modern times, there has been a real surge of Christian churches to these sun-drenched islands. The Church of God, along with other Spirit-filled groups, has been a comparatively recent arrival. My first contact with our work in Hawaii was in 1952 when en route to New Zealand I had a three nights' stopover. The fellowship was wonderful in the Honolulu Church. It is a wonderful group, indeed. There are Hawaiians, Japanese, Portuguese, Filipinos, Samoans, Puerto Ricans, and American servicemen all worshipping in harmony. If you want to see a real united nations in operation, visit the Church of God in Honolulu.

On our return to Hawaii eight months later (at this point I am narrating our own experiences here), we settled at Lahaina, with our six children. Lahaina, on the Island of Maui, was the ancient capital of the Islands. In

Sister O'Bannon and the Sunday School at Lahaina, on the island of Maui, Hawaii.



August of 1952, Brother Hawkins held a very successful revival in Lahaina. He was able to buy, at a bargain figure, the property where the revival was held. Unfortunately, the interested ones could not be held after Brother Hawkins left, simply because he did not have a pastor to put there, although two or three were held in fellowship. So, we started with just a handful. Some proved to be really faithful; others fell away. The work prospered for a while; then later our new converts began to move out, some to other parts of the Island and some to Honolulu. Vacation time came, and our worker, with her six children, went to Honolulu for two months. All this left us at low tide. At this time other groups wanted me for revivals. My wife held the fort at Lahaina. I visited Hilo and had a two weeks' meeting with Brother and Sister Helton. What a spirit of giving and love those Hilo saints have! I came home with bunches of bananas, seaweed, shellfish, and so many good things in the way of Hawaiian food. We had good services at Hilo. Healings seemed to be the feature of that revival. Pray for Brother and Sister Helton. They are faithfully working, and at times have to make big sacrifices. The Church of God has a good name in Hilo.

I made several visits to Honolulu and on one night had a very precious service in the Spanish-speaking, Full Gospel Church. The Lord came down in our midst, and six received the Holy Ghost.

We had been continuing to pray for Lahaina, expecting the Lord to crown our efforts there. A missionary with the Pentecostal Holiness Church on the other side of the Island needed a revival. He was going through a great trial, and his numbers were down like our own. I really felt sorry for the dear brother. He is such a good Christian. We went to his church for two weeks, travelling eighty miles, round trip, each night. Then a church at Paia, the largest on the Island, wanted a revival. We had good meetings at both places. While we were helping these other brethren, God began to move for us in Lahaina. People began to attend the services. They brought their friends. Numbers were on the increase. On this rising tide, Brother and Sister Hawkins came for a week. We had some old-time Church of God preaching, and, praise the Lord, the blessing was on. Three received the Holy Ghost. The people loved Brother Hawkin's anointed preaching. We were sorry to see it come to an end.

The congregation was still growing. We had fifty in Sunday School. Then at night we were getting sixty. There was now a real hunger in the hearts of the people. Fifteen minutes before starting time people would be

(Continued on page 13)



By A. W. BRUMMETT, Missionary Overseer

A
Letter
Showing the
Life of
the Church
in the
Island
of
Jamaica

I am glad to say that God is wonderfully blessing us here in the saving of souls and the building up of the Church. I have spent much of the past month in the country parts in conventions. The crowds, which are always large, have surpassed anything I have seen up until now, and the Spirit of God has mightily manifested Himself with great conviction and freedom. Many have been saved and filled with the Holy Ghost.

The Church is growing in leaps and bounds. I believe I can truthfully say that we are taking the lead in gospel evangelism here on the Island. We are growing in favor with God and man. The Government officials, from the governor on down, treat us with the utmost respect and appreciate what the Church is doing for the Island. It is not unusual to have members of the House of the Legislature in our meetings throughout the Island, and some of the members have expressed to me their satisfaction at what the Church of God is doing. In a recent convention in the Parish of Hanover, the judge of the parish spoke. He and his wife were very kind, and invited me to have tea with them.

The best thing of all is that God is with us, and is saving many souls. Last month we had 778 converts. Our membership now stands at 8,206, with hundreds of adherents. We have 20 ordained ministers, 69 licensed ministers, and 47 exhorters, with 46 unlicensed workers. We have a fine group of ministers who are well qualified to preach the Gospel. We refuse to license or promote a minister to a higher rank in the ministry, unless he has had some recognized Bible Training. In this way we are lifting the standard of the ministry. We have 175 organized churches.

The building of our proposed Headquarters church, and the setting up of a permanent Bible Training School will mean much to the work, and it will give us many advantages that will help us in promoting the Kingdom of God. The people here are grateful for what the Missions Board is doing to help us in this line.

With the financial help and prayers of the home church, we, by God's help, will keep the devil on the move,

Will Horton's Trip Pay?

By GRIER HAWKINS, Superintendent of Hawaii

(This story stands true for every country visited by a mission representative.)

WE WERE INDEED HAPPY to have our Brother Wade Horton come to the Islands. Our churches were strengthened and encouraged to a greater work for God in this small part of our great mission field. The spiritual and inspirational ministry of the Word of God stirred each of our hearts more than words can express.

We visited the new work on the Island of Maui with Brother and Sister O'Bannon, then on to the Island of Hawaii with Brother and Sister Helton, to Halava with Brother and Sister Nakashima, and back to Honolulu with Brother and Sister Dal Walker. The last night's service with Brother Horton was one that will live in the memories of our people. Many were weeping as the vision of missions was placed before them. Brother Hawkins, eleven others, and I went to the front to give ourselves to the mission cause. A Japanese couple (the Nakashimas), a Spanish couple, a Hawaiian, a Filipino, a Samoan, a Puerto Rican, and three American boys from the States said they would go for the Lord. Brother Horton took a mission offering in pledges, which amounted to nearly \$400, for the work in Hawaii.

Brother Horton, though tired, many times would sit until late in the night listening to the cares and burdens of the missionaries which could never be expressed in a letter. He saw things that stirred his heart and helped him to realize the need in a greater way. On the night of his departure to Japan, the members of the Honolulu and Halava churches gathered for a farewell dinner in his honor. We went with him to the airport, and, standing by the gate, the group of many different races sang "E Ma La Lava La Ta La" (which means "Wonderful Story of Jesus"), "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and "Aloha Oei" (the Hawaiian farewell). The people stood with their handkerchiefs waving in the air until the plane which Brother Horton was on lifted from the field and was gone.

We want the Board to know how much we appreciated Brother Horton's coming. Personally, our hearts were so refreshed to have him in our home. You can never realize the desire that fills the heart of the missionary for the fellowship and renewed spiritual blessing that the conventions and revivals of the homeland give. To have Brother Horton come to us was like a spring of pure water, to give us a taste for our great work, and to inspire us in this great cause.

May this another day bring happiness

For all your kindly deeds

Through days and hours of service

To other people's needs.

But sweeter than the gratitude

And earthly fame you've won,

May the Master speak to your heart today

His precious words "well done."

Your missionaries,

Grier, Juanita, and Debbie Hawkins

and win all the souls that we possibly can. We believe Jesus is coming soon, and we want to come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves.



Reverend and Mrs. Edmund F. Outhouse and family

CHILE RECEIVES THE CHURCH OF GOD

Brother Vessie D. Hargrave, superintendent of our Latin American work, writes the following concerning Brother and Sister Outhouse, who recently united with the Church of God in Chile and are now doing a fine work in this land south of the border:

"I feel that my trip to Chile has been very fruitful. There appears to be every reason for a great work here in this country.

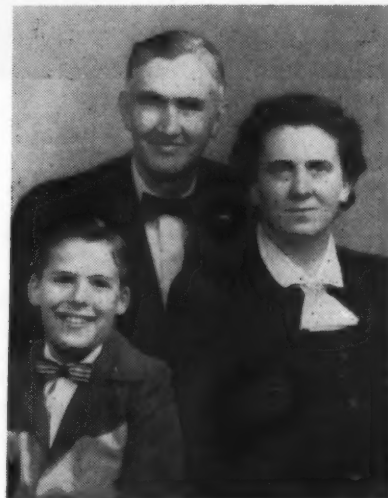
"I have accepted Brother and Sister Outhouse and their work into the Church, and I am sure that God is going to greatly bless these missionaries and their efforts here in Chile. We officially organized the Central Church last night, with a membership of 56, of which 17 united last night. There are other people who are interested, and we have another place here in the capital, Santiago-de-Chile, where we are having regular services, also. At present, a good Vacation Bible School is in progress, and the Bible School will open March 1, as will the day school, also."



LONG DISTANCE CALL BRINGS CHEER

Our ever-faithful and hard-working Reverend P. W. Norris, of Mishawaka, Indiana, called and advised that his church budget for missions was paid, but the members wished to go beyond that and fulfill a burden the Lord had laid on their hearts. Therefore, Brother Norris and his church are going to assume the responsibility of the erection of the dormitory for our school in Haiti. They will at least do more than their pro-rata share on this project, and they are to be congratulated.

NEW MISSIONARIES TO JAMAICA



Rev. and Mrs. F. G. McAfee and Fourney, Jr.

Reverend F. G. McAfee has been an ordained minister in the Church of God several years. He has served as the district overseer of the Mallory, Piedmont, and Huntington districts of West Virginia, where his ministry has been greatly blessed of the Lord. He consented to give up his fine church in Huntington, West Virginia, to accept the responsibility of constructing a church in Kingston, Jamaica. He will also be a help to our superintendent, Brother Brummett, in any field necessary.

Brother McAfee's pastorates were always successful, in that he left the churches in good spirits and generally paid for a good share of their indebtedness, along with improving the property and promoting a building program.

Sister McAfee is a very capable musician. I am sure the readers of the *Evangel and Macedonian Call* will bid them and their little son Godspeed as they go into this new field as a sacrifice. It is a sacrifice because it will mean less money; it will mean a hot climate; it will mean living conditions which are adverse, as well as the environment and general relationship. However, we believe the people of Kingston will find in them the qualities of brave soldiers who will be a blessing to the Island of Jamaica. I am sure our prayers go with them.

General Overseer Visits South Africa

Our Brother Zeno C. Tharp, General Overseer of the Church of God, left for the Union of South Africa on April 4, via Pan American Airways, to join Brother Wade Horton and attend the annual ministers' council and camp meeting of the Full Gospel Church of God, which is to be held near Johannesburg, South Africa, during Easter week. They will also attend the convention of our native work which represents many tribes of the Bantu people.

The itinerary for Brother Horton has been outlined for him to go into the Rhodesias for a complete survey of our work there. We are expecting excellent reports from the brethren when they return.

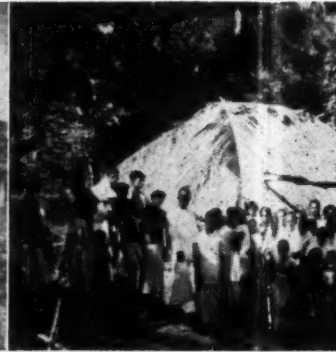
A GLIMPSE OF MORE.



KOVUR
Telugu Field



TRIVANDRUM CHURCH
These four churches are in the Malayalam language area.



AYANKRA CHURCH

THE ABOVE NEW CHURCHES are a small representation of the effort to picture the Lord's blessing on the work in India.

Recently contacting a person who returned from India, I was advised that our Brother Pospisil and his wife are doing an excellent work; this includes Sister Dora P. Myers, also. The reporter advised that they were working too hard, going night and day, despite the fact that their health has not been the best.

I trust that this kind of zeal will grip the hearts of God's people here at home and help them to continue sending the gospel throughout the world. Eight hundred dollars will build a church similar to the ones illustrated on this page.

SEND ALL SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHURCH OF GOD FOREIGN MISSIONS



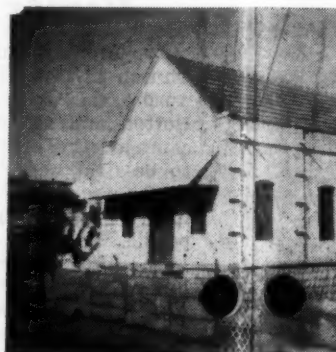
Left

ARUVANKADU CHURCH
Built in 1953

Right

MADURAI CHURCH
M. Benjamin, Pastor

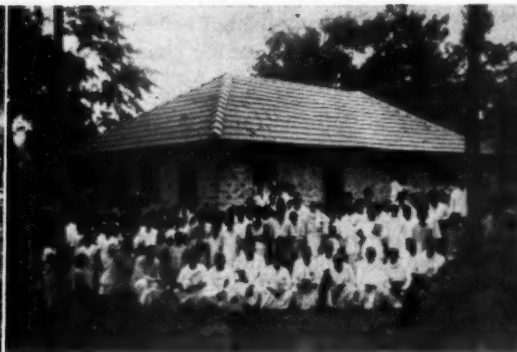
Both of these churches are in the Tamil-language area.



5. NEW WORK IN INDIA



KRA CHURCH



CHETTAKAL CHURCH
(Built by the Youth of Ohio)



VILAKUDY CHURCH
One of the first churches organized by the Church of God in India.

INDIA'S CHALLENGE

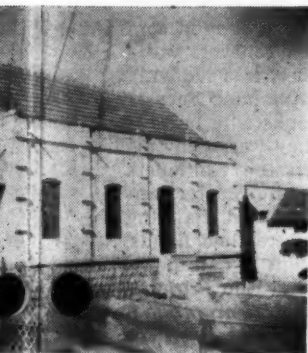
THE SONS OF INDIA'S SOIL are hard-working, persevering people. If there is a hard way to do a piece of work, the Indian people have discovered it. Practically all work is done on the floor level. Carpenters' plane boards are on the floor, not on a bench as we have them in our country. A cobbler repairs shoes by sitting on the floor as he works, or else he just squats and works that way. The Indian kitchen has no table in it. The vegetables are peeled and sliced, the curries ground, and the rice pounded on stones made for this purpose, which sit on the floor. The stove is usually two or three places where pots may be set, with a separate fire built under each of them. There is no chimney, the smoke just goes up in the room and somehow escapes through the tile roof, at its own convenience, or through the thatching, if the house is thatched.

The Indian craftsmen are very clever, especially at

imitating anything they have seen, and they can make almost anything you ask them to make. If you have an article of furniture you wish made, and can bring a sample, they can duplicate it almost perfectly. The metal workers can do the same. They work with very crude tools, so it is amazing what good work they can do.

Indian people are very eager for an education. The schools are full of boys and girls. They eagerly read any literature that is given them. It would be a great help to our work in India if we had a **PRINTING PRESS** so we could print our own gospel tracts and distribute them to the heathen. Much good could thereby be done in reaching the lost for Christ. One thousand dollars would go a long way toward purchasing a press like this. Pray about this need. Your offering would be appreciated.—William Pospisil, Overseer.

REIGN MISSIONS, 1080 MONTGOMERY AVENUE, CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE



Right →

CUDDAPAH CHURCH
Known as the John Stephen Owens Memorial Church.

This church is located in a very needy field, where the language spoken is Telugu.



MY RETURN TO GUATEMALA

"The Land of Tomorrow"

By DOROTHY CARROLL

IT WAS AS WE BROKE THROUGH the thick clouds, coming in for the landing at Guatemala City's beautiful Aurora Airport, that I caught my first glimpse of my native Guatemala in five long years. I had tried unsuccessfully ever since we had been over Guatemalan territory to catch a glimpse of its rugged, mountainous terrain, its winding dirt roads, its nestled villages and towns. The entire country seemed to be completely blanketed with dense clouds. Far beneath us they lay, banked like snow or swirling darkly around the plane, hiding the cheerful face of the tropical sun shining above us. And I, with my face pressed to the cool window, wondered about many things. Karen, my little daughter, slept peacefully beside me. Nostalgic memories flooded my mind, keen anticipation surged over me, but foremost and always, engulfing me completely, a longing and a yearning and an unshakeable awareness of my calling to this people. I wondered what changes I would find.

As I thus meditated, Fuego, one of Guatemala City's majestic landmarks, stuck its haughty head, a jagged blue crater, through the clouds. I knew then we would be down in a few moments.

Our wheels touched the runway with a dull thud. Even before the door was opened, I could see dear familiar faces crowded around the fence and Daddy, who somehow always manages to talk his way through the closed gate, practically under the wheels of the plane. And then we stepped into the bright sunlight. Blinking our eyes, we gazed again at all that was so familiarly Guatemalan. It seemed that we had stepped from one world into another.

I was told how graciously God had given us the first decent weather in two weeks. During those two weeks, the land had lain under a menacing cloud of rain, roads had become impassable, sides of mountains had slid away, streams had become raging torrents. Daddy and Mother had not known whether they could get through to Guatemala City when they left Quiche. It was, indeed, evidence of the promise the Lord has whispered to my heart that very morning at the New Orleans airport, just as the door closed behind us and we fastened our seat belts—"My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest."

And what did I find? First of all, it is the same old Guatemala, and yet it is not. There are many new buildings, prominent among all of them large schools and hospitals. Guatemala now has a certain form of socialized medicine—or so I was told. Huge signs denounced "foreign intervention," praised "agrarian reform" now being systematically placed in effect throughout the country. The same clouds of choking dust engulfed the cars, the same traffic congestion (busses, cars, people, oxen, and dogs), and I must confess that some houses and stores still had the same paint they had worn five years ago. But there were new traffic lights and much movement.

One who knows Guatemala becomes conscious immediately of a country which has and is undergoing great changes. There is an undercurrent, a silent, almost intangible feeling of waiting for no one knows exactly what, a feverish activity in some quarters, a thread of fear, a sullen rebellion waiting to be ignited. Noticeable to me, also, was the almost total absence of our own North American tourists and businessmen. The city had been

alive with them when we had lived there. Now, instead, there were many more Germans and much more German and English merchandise in the stores. Also, one is conscious of powerful forces at work beneath the troubled surface, of forces engaged in mortal struggle, of a sort of confused, helpless resignation and bewilderment on the part of some, but among others, a perceptible awareness of time running out before a gathering storm.

The most amazing change, however, is in the religious life of Guatemala. A new enlightened generation coming into its own has practically shaken the foundations of the Catholic Church, forcing it to go on the defensive, importing many new priests and organizing study groups to be taught a distorted interpretation of the Bible and to be, of course, incited against heretics. The fiestas and the processions have noticeably declined, bringing angry outbursts from the archbishop in Guatemala City. Once so powerful, dominating the very life of the country, intolerant of any other church, cruel, unscrupulous, depraved, it is now shorn of much of its power and influence. The Word of God, however, preached faithfully through years of darkness and opposition has begun to bring forth abundant fruit. It is now harvest time in beautiful little Guatemala. I, who can remember the days when the faithful few preached in the face of stony opposition to empty or near-empty churches, felt an indescribable thrill at this growth. A hunger now exists among this people—a hunger for God's Word. Felt keenly throughout all the country is the lack of trained workers to open new fields, to extend the works already started. The cry everywhere was, "Lord, send us laborers." Like a dream come true, I saw men and women, with their Bibles under their arms, waiting patiently in the bright sunlight of the Lord's day, bound for Sunday School and church in Guatemala City. I commented repeatedly on this, thanking God with my whole heart for this change. Guatemala, long known as "The Land of Tomorrow," is, as far as the missionary is concerned, the land of today, for the opportunities of today must be grasped before the night comes when no man can work.

It was early afternoon when we started for Uspantan, gateway to that region known as the "Sierra," where a district conference was to be held. A bus had been chartered by the believers in Quiche and Chichicastenango, and it came behind us picking up all the other believers along the way until it could hold no more—and that is saying a lot for Guatemalan buses, since there always seems to be room for one more on the roof, hanging from the sides, or squeezed inside.

After some rather steady climbing, we started a gradual descent until we reached Sacapulas. The car had scarcely stopped before people, children, and dogs began pouring out from doors and appearing from around corners. There were shouts of welcome from believers waiting patiently with bundles, and the window was suddenly filled with brown hands all eager to shake ours. Faces I had longed to see many times, dear friends who had always at every opportunity sent word they were praying, lined and worn but from which shone the gentleness that comes from close association with the Master, appeared from every direction, embracing me and thanking God I had returned. Somehow those outstretched hands, the eager faces made me feel as though I had never really been away. Only when I looked at the grinning young men and women who had been children when I left did I feel—well—slightly older. The pretty little

church, which I had remembered only as being under construction, was opened for our inspection. The good pastor and his wife shook their heads and murmured that it was already too small—and that was the best news they could have given me.

Leaving Sacapulas sprawled languidly along the muddy river far, far below, we climbed higher and higher. Around hairpin curves, along narrow, muddy stretches, the road falling off to one of the most breath-taking panoramas in Guatemala very much like being in a plane—we drove until halfway up we stopped to pour cool mountain water into the thirsty radiators boiling from the climb. Night was descending rapidly, and the cold mountain air, drifting down to us with the misty clouds, made us shiver and retreat to the warmth of the cars. Finally we reached the top, only to start the equally steep descent to Cunén. Hugging the very wall of the stone mountain, cautiously inching our way through the mud holes, feeling the tires slip crazily, then grip again, we arrived at last.

Cunén is a town about which I, frankly, have cared nothing at all, and have never entertained any hopes of ever seeing anything good come from it, much less a flourishing church. A dirty, sordid, backward place, which seems always to deteriorate instead of progress, it was one place I especially dreaded. The gospel preached repeatedly always seemed to make as much impression on it as scratching the surface of granite. A missionary's nightmare, we had termed it, and as we slowly bumped and skidded past the house where I had very nearly died with amoebic dysentery, a shiver ran along my spine. The streets were the worst of any town's, worse even than the open road, and the cars wallowed in the mire and dirt. And it was drizzling. Just as I thought we were almost out, and I was miserably wondering whether we could escape hitting at least one of the pack of dogs which snarled along beside us, Dad stopped. In the darkness I could again see the gathering faces of—yes—Christians. It was one of those things that happen even in Nazareth, for, to my surprise and delight, the granite had been broken and a fine church is now forming in that little town where a faithful worker, looking very much like an ancient prophet, had stuck faithfully to that which was least until God had given the increase.

The first morning I was awakened by the most beautiful of all sounds, a prayer meeting, right outside the door, in the yard which had been fixed for the conference meetings. The old familiar guitars, the devotional singing, the soul-searching prayer—ah, it was good to be here in this house again, in a sleeping bag, with pine needles on the floor. The tamales cooking in the kitchen smelled delicious, too. The pastor, good old Jorge, had vacated his own bedroom and turned it over to us. He had also succeeded in obtaining a nice room for Brother and Sister Beaty who had come along, also. In the long, adjoining room and on the corridor many of the believers slept, stretched out on the pine, wrapped in their blankets—like sardines in a can. Each had his turn preaching, instructing, singing, rejoicing in the Lord, Daddy directing the proceedings. Brother Beaty brought two excellent sermons in the two afternoons and prayed for the sick, also. Many testified to their healing and we thanked God for all that was accomplished. Just as I thought I could relax, since my part was over and done with, I found Daddy and Jorge waiting. I was informed that I had the night service, and above my walls of protest they walked

off, so I started looking for a Bible and a pencil. What an experience God had for me that night! In that service Daddy performed the marriage ceremony for four couples all at one time. It was really something to see!

I preached that night as I have never preached before, as though I had literally been set afire from within. I did not have to think, the right words rolled from my mouth as though I really had no control over my own tongue. It was a wonderful experience, this being taken over completely by that greatest of all preachers, the Holy Ghost. Not a soul moved, the biting cold was completely ignored, women wept softly, and tears ran down the cheeks of men as the Holy Ghost lifted Christ to a dying world and moved in convicting power over the audience. Suddenly I felt impelled to pray that the convicting power of the Spirit would follow each sinner home, utterly taking sleep from his eyes, until he surrendered to this Christ. The Spirit praying through me, authoritatively in Jesus' name, gave the assurance that this prayer would be answered. I can still feel the warm glow of that experience, for this exceeded anything I had experienced. It was as though God, after years of loneliness, longing, and waiting, had dropped His mantle on me, reaffirming His calling and the promise that goes with it, "Lo, I am with you always." I, so wretched and unworthy, the least of all my brethren, felt the flaming touch of God, like a coal from off His altar, on my lips and on my life.

God answered that prayer, as I had every assurance He would even as I prayed. Not many slept that night. Some say He sent the wolves into town. I do not know, but whatever it was, the noise of the barking dogs was scandalous, making sleep almost an impossibility. The pastor told us the complete story later, for we left for Quiché. Many had come, confessing they had been sorely troubled all night, and given their hearts to God, including the mayor of the town; backsliders returned to God, and the power of God came down in such a glorious deluge that they rejoiced and prayed until almost dawn, long after the services had closed. And in the bus returning to Quiché were two new Christians. I relate this very humbly, giving all the glory to our Lord, for He alone is worthy.

It was All Saints' Day when we left for Quiché. Drunken Indians swayed together along the streets, their eyes glazed, their mouths foaming, shouting curses after our cars. Helpless little babes dangled pathetically from the backs of swaying, wailing, wild-eyed mothers. Many lay along the road too drunken to go any farther. Others, their faces and arms slashed open in drunken brawls, were being pulled apart, their clothes covered with blood, as they clawed the air to get at each other again. And that, in sharp contrast to the rejoicing crowd we had just left, is Guatemala, without hope and without God, in the clutches of the evil one.

A solid week of horribly cold weather followed, so unusually cold even for Guatemala that the streets of the capital were deserted and everyone spent as much time as possible huddled around the fires. The sun did not break through the clouds in Quiché that entire week, and the cold made even the dogs shiver. But suddenly one morning good old Sol managed to visit us again, bringing with him new enthusiasm for the Fifth Youth Conference, which was the next item on the agenda. The location, Guatemala City, had been chosen, even before my arrival, by the Youth Committee and the missionaries. Quite a few people were openly dubious about the matter,

even going so far as to say that such an undertaking could only be disastrous. In the first place, although we now have seven in Guatemala City, none of the churches were large enough to hold their own congregations, much less a conference, and rents are sky high in that city. That was one of the biggest problems, and there was a literal host of minor ones, all threatening to become major, until the president of the Guatemalan Youth was practically a nervous, walking wreck before the great day arrived.

God, however, always manages to be right on time, and just as it looked as though the conference must certainly be moved elsewhere, a Jewish businessman, an old friend who had repeatedly befriended a succession of our missionaries, including us, rescued the cause. He very graciously let us use, free of charge, a large warehouse which at that time was empty.

The first to arrive were the missionaries from El Salvador, who drove all night and arrived, bleary-eyed from lack of sleep, a day early in order to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us in Quiche. That one and only lovable Brother Syverson, overseer of El Salvador, had for years promised to take his industrious little wife on a trip to Hawaii, but they had settled instead on a trip to Guatemala as part of a birthday and anniversary celebration—an excellent idea, executed in true businesslike Syverson fashion, killing two birds with one stone. The McCulloughs, O'Neil, Inez, and little Jimmy, who are in charge of the Church of God Bible School in Santa Tecla, El Salvador, were bubbling over with enthusiastic reports and plans. We compared notes and discussed items far into the night. We were certainly delighted to see that they proposed to work in such close harmony with Guatemala. This was, indeed, like old times for me, and on the mountain top, where we had paused for lunch, we ate heartily the delicious turkey sandwiches prepared by that great little cook, my own sweet mommy, and Inez's delicious fruit cake which she had managed to bring in from Salvador.

That night as our caravan pulled into Brother and Sister Beaty's home in Guatemala City the neighbors began looking over their fences. It must have looked as though the Beatys were going to have a conference all their own. Brother and Sister McCall and their two boys had arrived from Quezaltenango just five minutes before and in just a few moments the quiet of the Beaty home vanished like a ghost out the window. Seventeen of us made ourselves at home, dragging in sleeping bags, blankets, rubber mattresses, and finding our proper sleeping places for the night. Around the table it was a little crowded, I will admit, but we really enjoyed even that, for it is only very occasionally that such reunions are possible. Brother Syverson quietly settled the raging argument about who should do the dishes for this crowd by tying on an apron and starting the job himself. We women cheered him, but the men made themselves scarce, feeling slightly subdued.

And then the opening night arrived. A platform of packed earth had been made the entire width of the building and then covered with pine needles. From the very beginning the presence of the Lord was with us. On the platform was a most splendid group of good-looking missionaries, ministers, and youth leaders. On the left was, of all things, a robed choir sitting very erect in dignified silence. After my initial surprise, I was inwardly skeptical of their ability. A young man, member of one of our churches, had organized a group of young people

from all our Guatemala City churches and had made of them this choir. My skepticism vanished when I heard their singing, and I must admit that they did a most splendid job, blessing our hearts repeatedly with beautiful singing, conducting themselves perfectly in every way, making us very, very proud that our Fifth Youth Conference in Guatemala could boast of another first—a splendid robed choir. They had made the robes themselves. Below and to the left were the musicians. The pianist, an engineer on Guatemala's narrow gage railway to Puerto Barrios, played like a professional. A splendid young man he was. Accordions, guitars, mandolins, trumpets, violins—they all combined to make the meetings a success and a joyful noise unto the Lord.

Our Guatemalan brethren have a way of making wandering brethren and strangers feel at home, and, of course, this had been home to me. With many of these young people we had worked for many years and even begun this youth work. There were a lot of new faces, too, young, alert, friendly, and their quick, friendly smiles made us seem much like old friends in just a moment. The mornings were devoted to instructions for the youth. For instance, Brother McCall brought a splendid message on the importance of work at the altar. Each of the youth leaders in turn dealt with certain phases, such as Sunday Schools, etc. The afternoons were given to permitting each district to have a few moments' time in order to present its portion of the program so that each could go away feeling as though he had contributed his part to the conference. The last afternoon, however, Brother Beaty held a healing service. The evenings were entirely evangelistic. There really was never enough time. One afternoon Brother McCullough was presented by Brother Pullin, overseer of Guatemala, with a large bell from the youth of Guatemala for the school in El Salvador. The school was roundly applauded and cheered and we are sure that the delegates from El Salvador felt the warmth of the good will that Guatemala has for this school already.

By special request an Indian sister was asked to sing. She arose from where she was sitting in the pine on the floor. From the tribe of Tecpan, daughter of a wealthy Indian family, she had accepted the Lord several years previously. Her father had immediately flown into a furious rage, chopping up all her beautiful Indian costumes with his machete. She had been forced to flee for her very life and had hidden in Guatemala City doing housework. During this time she had prayed, "Lord, I can't do anything else for you. Give me a voice so that I may sing your praises." God answered that prayer. She arose with calm assurance, walked to the microphone, and folded her hands. Great sorrow had left its marks upon her brown face, but from her throat poured the most beautiful singing I have ever heard from any Indian and, indeed, it would be hard to surpass anywhere. "My Lord has garments so wondrous fine," she sang, "and myrrh their texture fills. This fragrance reaches this heart of mine—with joy my being thrills." We knew this was no ordinary singer. Here was a soul pouring forth its adoration, a heart broken and redeemed by love divine, deeply in love with the Lover of her soul, like a nightingale pouring forth the song of redeeming grace. By the time she got to the chorus

Out of the ivory palaces
Into a world of woe,
Only His great redeeming love

Made my Saviour go,
there was scarcely an unmoved heart on that platform. Ah, and then as she sang "Oh, how I love Him, how I adore Him" so easily, so perfectly, so simply, yet with the adoration of the redeemed soul, we sat humbled and amazed again at the wondrous grace of our Lord that reaches even these and lifts them to heavenly places with Christ Jesus. And so the Fifth Youth Conference ended. Much of the credit goes to two untiring workers, Brother Jorge Giron and Brother Oscar Castillo, faithful and capable leaders of the youth in that land. Much, much good had been accomplished and Daddy slept for the first time since it had started.

Then came Christmas. I was to have been back by that time, but somehow slowly but surely I came under the spell woven by Guatemalan Christmases and Daddy and Mother knew they had us on their hands for Christmas. How I enjoyed it! Just being with them was in itself a rare treat. The days before Christmas were hectic ones, practicing for programs, decorating the church, etc., but how wonderful it was to be again behind the scenes sweating it out. The house was filled to capacity, the little organ jammed behind the improvised curtain was illuminated by a candle stuck to the shutter of the window. Somewhere in all the confusion I became remotely conscious of the smell of smoke. I had been so absorbed in playing the right thing at the right time that I had failed to notice that the candle had burned down to the wood and one panel of the shutter was afire.

Time rolled quickly by and then came the night I went to bed after a farewell service, which had been much like a funeral. Tossing far into the night, I finally fell asleep. Toward morning I was awakened by singing, beautiful singing, coming clear on the cold air. I was being serenaded in true Spanish style, guitar and all by the pastor and members of the church. They sang three hymns which I had never heard before and the consolation of their message stole over my spirit like balm. They left softly as they had come, the strains of

"Oh, there's going to be a meeting in the air,
In the sweet, sweet by and by;
I'm going to meet you, meet you over there,
In my home beyond the sky . . ."

gradually becoming fainter as they went singing out the door and down the street.

We stood silently in Guatemala City's airport, just as we had done so many times before. I had received most efficient and courteous service and in a few minutes was checked through immigration and customs. The big Pan American constellation was refueling for the take off. Daddy called my attention to the fact that it was again the "Dreadnought" which had carried us before. We said hasty good-byes and turned quickly away. My heart was heavy as lead as I walked out in the bright sunlight across the strip of concrete and up the stairs. Already airborne, I looked below and to my right, and there they still stood, waving from the observation corridor, that wonderful daddy and mother of mine and our good friends the Beatys.

The pilot flew low over Guatemala this time. Visibility was perfect, but all too soon Guatemala slipped beneath our wings. Just at sunset, fifteen minutes out of Merida, Mexico, we slipped out over the aqua green gulf on the last lap of the journey back to our shores. And then the blinking lights of the coast, the blaze of lights that is New Orleans, the runway lights—and we were down, taxiing along the runway.

It had been raining and the air was moist and warm as we walked across the wet concrete to be enveloped in Luther's warm embrace. He had been patiently pacing the airport since five o'clock and the expression on his face was a whole welcoming committee in itself. But even before we were released from customs, standing by our opened suitcases, I felt that old familiar tug, that something that I cannot shake off, for it was with me even now as I write, as though out on the bleak, cold, rugged mountains of Guatemala, in the dark, hostile darkness of the night, I hear the bleating of sheep, and somewhere along those steep and tortuous trails I hear the whisper of the Man with the seamless robe, the scars of Calvary fresh upon Him, as He turns sad and burning eyes on me and says, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold . . . these also I must bring." And before that burning, searching gaze everything else pales into insignificance and the finger of the risen Lord points straight to my heart with a "Go ye . . . and I am with you always." "For he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

Friends of my heart,
There's a bridge 'cross the ocean
Built by faith
And a love strong and true—
Bond that defies all of nature's commotion—
For my loving Saviour is your Saviour, too.

FOREIGN MISSIONS CARAVAN SCHEDULE

PAUL H. WALKER

N.A.E. Meeting, Cleveland, Ohio	April 26-30
Board Meeting at I.P.I.	May 17-20
Closing of Lee College	May 24-28
Budget Meeting	June 7-11
Illinois Camp Meeting	June 16, 17
Montana Camp Meeting	June 18-20
Virginia Camp Meeting	June 25, 26
South Carolina Camp Meeting	July 3, 4
Indiana Camp Meeting	July 16, 17

WADE H. HORTON

Florida Camp Meeting	June 16, 17
South Alabama Camp Meeting	June 19, 20
Georgia Camp Meeting	June 26, 27
North Carolina Camp Meeting	July 3, 4
Pennsylvania Camp Meeting	July 6-8
California Camp Meeting	July 10, 11
Maryland Camp Meeting	July 24, 25

JOHNNIE OWENS

Colorado and Utah Camp Meeting	June 15, 16
Idaho Camp Meeting	June 19, 20
Arizona Itinerary	June 24-30
Texas Camp Meeting	July 3, 4

This schedule is only tentative and incomplete.

THE GOSPEL IN HAWAII MOVES EVER FORWARD

(Continued from page 5)

gathered in the church. People were being healed. One little baby could not lift its head and could only turn it one way. Jesus touched the seven-months-old baby, and now the head moves normally. The Y.P.E. services jumped to over fifty. These numbers are high for Lahaina.

Then came another change. Brother and Sister O'Bannon went to Lahaina, and we came to Honolulu. Since the O'Bannons took over in Lahaina the work has continued to grow. The attendance goes into the seventies. They are doing a fine work over on Maui. Here in Honolulu we are expecting the Lord to put His seal on the work and give us a great harvest.

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

A report concerning missions in Alaska

A. M. PHILLIPS

Overseer of Kentucky, Member Missions Board

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER DAY and the big Delta plane flew me from Lexington, Kentucky, via Cincinnati, Ohio, and Chicago, Illinois. From Chicago to Seattle, Washington, was a nonstop trip, and we arrived there about 8 p.m. It was only a matter of minutes—a large crowd rushing and pushing toward one of the largest passenger planes I had ever seen. After inspection of our tickets, we were instructed to proceed up the steps of this huge plane and be seated in the lower story. After taking our places in the giant ship—various ones going to Japan, Korea, and other points in the Orient—we waited quietly until the plane was completely loaded. After instructions about what to do in case the plane was ditched, we settled comfortably for the take off. Soon we were riding twenty-five thousand feet above the clouds, in the night, on our way to Anchorage, Alaska, and I was enjoying one of the most wonderful trips I have ever taken in a big plane, because it was flying so smoothly. After six hours in the air, we came to the huge military air base in Anchorage.

It was a real joy to be greeted at the airport by Reverend and Mrs. J. H. Davis, their daughter, Ramona, Brother Tipton of Atlanta, Georgia, and Brother and Sister George White, of Detroit, Michigan. I was amazed to find that it was almost daylight when I arrived at 1:20 a.m. There were Christian greetings and the regular routine of securing luggage; then we drove to Palmer, the headquarters for our work in Alaska. It was so light by then that it seemed about ten o'clock in the morning, though it was only 2:30 a.m. After only a few hours' rest, we were up and on the go.

I found that much had been accomplished for the Lord and the Church there; however, a person must go to Alaska to understand the many complications confronting mission work in that cold climate. Then you can learn first-hand why progress is made slowly in that country with sin and shame.

On Thursday night, a Bible study was enjoyed by various Christians of Palmer, Anchorage, and Chickaloon, at the home of Brother and Sister Davis. In such services one realizes more than ever that this is a territory strictly and rightfully entitled "America's Last Frontier." One not only feels it in the services, but sees it on the streets and roads, out in the interior. Wherever one goes people are found hungry for God's Word, desiring to know more about Christ. It is a needy field for missionary endeavors, and there is plenty of work to be accomplished for God and the Church.

Brother and Sister Davis have the work at heart, with a burning desire to see the work make progress. Surely anyone would have to have his heart fully in the work to stay there and suffer, as in many other fields, or he would return home, to a more comfortable way of life. Brother Davis and his people have spent many hours working on the church building in Palmer, preparing it for a suitable place to worship. To see the church building in Palmer causes one to realize that it would take suffering and sacrifice, as well as long hours of real hard work, to prepare such a place in which to worship our Lord.

The church property in Palmer is located on the main highway from Anchorage to Fairbanks, Alaska, in one of the nicest, most convenient sections of the city. The street, or road, is hard-surfaced and very easily found. Because of the extreme cold weather there, the people have only about three or four months to work on the building; that is, during the summer. For this reason it is a slow process, as far as a building program is concerned. We have a nice basement church building in Palmer, which has been built at a cost of approximately \$10,000. It is of solid cement and is a very good place to worship. The church basement is located between the road and the parsonage. Our parsonage, where the Davis family lives, is a very good house. It has about six rooms, and is what we would call a frame house; however, it was built of small trees split in half. It has been built for some years. This property, in Palmer, is valued at \$30,000.

Some months ago Brother Davis rented a nice building for the church in Anchorage, at a cost of \$100 a month. Since Anchorage is one of the largest military bases in the country, various young men of our Church who are in the service of our country are sent there for a period of two years. The families of the young men were there with nowhere to worship until Brother Davis found this place, which is very nice, for the services in Anchorage. Pray that God will give them a lot by spring, so they can build a church in this thriving city. It would be self-supporting in months to come. I am praying that God will give some young men the vision to go to Alaska and work this summer and help build this new church in Anchorage. This is a great field in which to work for God and receive a feeling that you are doing some work for Him in the missions service. We thank God for Brother and Sister White who are working so faithfully in Anchorage now. Pray for their success.

Chickaloon is a mission station with which God is blessing the people in Alaska. Brother Davis received Brother and Sister Eston Hubbard into the Church of God. They went to Alaska, from the State of Michigan, to work for God in missions. They have started a good work at this place. I saw a fine Sunday School they had started seventy-five miles out from Anchorage. I had the privilege of attending a Sunday School class and worshipping with those who came from a long way across the mountain to worship the Lord. It was wonderful to hear them praise the Lord and glorify His name for the way He saved them. I saw a young girl, who, each morning, helps prepare her brothers and sisters for school, places them on the dog sled, and guides the dogs as they bring those children to the schoolhouse, which is in the house in which Brother and Sister Hubbard live. They are also taught the Bible and that Jesus loves them. It would make you appreciate more the place where you live and the comforts of your life if you could see how deeply dedicated these missionaries are to the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ. I know you will pray for their success and that God will supply the finance necessary to carry on this work. They need help, and a lot of it. I was impressed with the sincere labors of Brother Bill White, who lived in Miami, Florida, but felt that God would have him work in Alaska. He has labored now for God several months in that field to which he felt the Master leading him. He is serving as youth director in Alaska.

There is no limit to the many things God will do for our work, if we pray and give as never before for the progress of the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Foreign Missions Caravan Reports

Victorious Conquest

Yes, the brethren of the Foreign Missions Department, who are doing deputational work and otherwise, both at home and abroad, have brought in victorious reports which are very gratifying.

Smaller states in the West had not as yet been visited by the caravan, so Brother Johnnie Owens and I started out for the International Preparatory Institute on February 10. It was not long until we were surrounded in the fair city of San Antonio, Texas, by the student body of I.P.I. We had a very enjoyable time there as we lectured to the students and did our best to set forth the teachings of the great Church of God, its Declaration of Faith, and to implement the spiritual tide of the school, which we found to be very good. We also found our Brother Wayne McAfee, superintendent of the school, engrossed in his duties, with a heart full of determination to make every day count for God in behalf of the student body and the faculty as they continued the teaching of God's Word and the many subjects of interest.

From I.P.I., we went to the great State of New Mexico. Brother Owens and I visited twelve different churches as we traveled across the wide, open spaces. We found the people eager to listen, and they rejoiced in the fact that God was blessing the Church through its program of redemption for the lost in foreign lands. The fine state overseer and his wife, Brother and Sister Brady Dennis, were at their best to show us every courtesy, and we can only say with sincerity that they are working hard and God is blessing their efforts in the State of New Mexico. May His blessings continue.

On February 21, we were in the Golden State of California, and Brother Ramsey, the state overseer, gave us a great welcome. The state youth director, Brother Tom Rosson, was on hand, also. The personnel of our caravan was again divided, as is always our policy, Brother Owens going in one direction through the State and I traveling the other. The youth director went with Brother Owens and the state overseer with me. We went from south to north in California, visiting the churches and the conventions. To say the least, the conventions were well attended. The crowds came, and we can say that we found California moving forward for God. We also found a fine mission spirit in this state on the West Coast.

We journeyed hard through the giant trees of the red-wood forests of northern California to Salem, Oregon, where we found a packed church and met many old friends—numbers who had been saved in our meetings in the Dakotas. As usual, again the state overseer was on hand to make everything as pleasant as possible. Our Brother Goff did not leave a stone unturned, as far as putting forth efforts were concerned, to keep the caravan on the go and to accomplish as much as possible for the Lord.

From Salem we went to Portland, where we had a very fine service. Then Brother Owens went to Yakima, Washington, and journeyed on his way through Idaho and Colorado, while I returned to the office in Cleveland.

OHIO'S YOUTH TO SHINE AGAIN

I have recently been in contact with the state youth director of Ohio, Reverend O. W. Polen, with reference to a foreign missions project for the young people of the State of Ohio. He, with the young people and the state overseer, Reverend J. H. Walker, Sr., has approved a project of building the administration building of our Bible School in Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

The State of Ohio is to be complimented for assuming the building of the administration building as its project, through the efforts of its young people. This project will represent an outlay of approximately \$2,500.

Brother Polen writes as follows:

"Our first district Sunday School and youth convention was held last week end on the Marietta District. Our goal for that convention was \$210, but God blessed in a wonderful way, and the total offering was \$242.76. We are trusting God and praying that our other conventions will respond in this splendid manner."

By now I am sure Brother Polen's anticipations are materially true. Last year the State of Ohio came through with flying colors, furnishing eight or nine bicycles for India. These were pictured in one of the **Macedonian Calls** of recent date. Ohio has also promoted a number of other mission projects.

ANNOUNCING "NEW" CORRESPONDENCE COURSES FROM LEE COLLEGE

Old Testament Narrative and Christian Ethics

These courses, available June 1, will replace the General Correspondence Course, which will be discontinued.

Credit earned by correspondence will be applicable toward a diploma from the School of Religion at Lee College.

Old Testament Narrative will give six semester hours credit. Christian Ethics will give three semester hours credit.

Additional courses will be available in the near future, so that you may earn as much as **one full year** of credit by correspondence.

For further information, write: President, Lee College, Cleveland, Tennessee.

Note by the Executive Missions Secretary

The President and Faculty of Lee College are to be congratulated in the fine job of offering the Correspondence Courses as shown above, and I am sure that the missionaries will take advantage of them for those in their territories who are interested and can read the English language. This will enable them to be better qualified for the work of the Lord in the ripened harvest fields of the world. **Be sure to take advantage of this opportunity.**

DATA FROM THE MISSION FIELD

Through an error, the following data concerning our work in Haiti was omitted from the last issue of the **Macedonian Call**.

Cost of supporting a native preacher: \$7 to \$36 a month.
Cost of supporting an elementary schoolteacher: \$3 to \$15 a month.

Cost of building a church: Country, \$250. City, \$2,000.

Cost of a lot: Country, \$50. City, \$500.

Cost of a mule: \$90. Cost of saddle for mule: \$30.

Cost of a bicycle: \$45.

Cost of supporting a student in the Bible School: \$15 per month.

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